

130, Main, Vassar
Poughkeepsie,
Oct. 18, 1912

Dear Rosemarie,

I was doomed to disappointment. I had hoped to be able to write your letter in a very romantic spot. I could not conceive anything more romantic than to write it in a boat out on the lake but when I got there all the boats were in use. The next best place was the top of Sunset and I really believe it is almost as pretty as the lake. It is so quiet here. I am sitting on a bench in the apple orchard and will not be disturbed. I am

so warm. It certainly was a climb, and I took it fast. I just passed a group of boarding school girls on my way past Main. I could tell they were boarding school girls by that two-by-two line and a chaperon in the rear. They are probably Glen Eden girls brought up to Vassar Friday afternoon as a treat.

Student's Building is to have its cornerstone laid next hour and I am going to be late just for spite because I had to spend half an hour finding a place to write my letter.

We played soccer yesterday. I played two positions, full-back and end. It was lots of sport.

We are not going to have a team this year but probably next year. I hope we do for I love it.

We had a Hygiene lecture to-day. The most interesting thing about these lectures is we get a cut from Math and English. They give us a whole heap of orders. We must take a cold plunge every morning and three warm baths a week. The day you have a warm bath you have a cold plunge in the morning and one after exercise. That makes three in one day! But then "orders is orders."

Freshmen cannot try for the first hall play "Prunella" or "Love in a

Dutch Garden." But anyway I will have a try at something dramatic next week. To begin at the beginning there is a stunning New York girl here whose name is Symona Boniface. She has black hair, blue eyes and a perfect figure. She always dresses in black as her father is dead. Her mother sang in opera and her father was on the stage fifteen years. She is going to be an actress as soon as she leaves Vassar. Well, to go on, the Freshmen are to give a stunt party next week for the Seniors and Symona was given charge of one act. It is to be a take-off on Grand Opera. She is to be

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Melba and I am to be Caruso. She has been asked to arrange the Sextette from Lucia and as she and I are both as crazy about acting she is going to try and arrange the last act of Rigoletto and let me play Rigoletto. She will be the daughter. There will be just three of us in the scene. Her room-mate will be the Duke. Symona is twice my size almost and it will be ridiculous to have me be her father but that is the object, to make it as funny as possible. Symona's mother is coming to-morrow and as she knows a great deal about such things she will be able

to give us valuable suggestions. We two are going to try for the second hall play and a great deal depends on how we carry this through.

There is a dear, dear little squirrel on a tree right near me.

I guess I had better stop now and saunter over to that dedication. Then trials for song leader will follow, then it will be time to dress for dinner, so the next time I write it will be between dinner and chapel. There will be dancing in J then but I will write to you instead. I hope you appreciate my spirit of self-sacrifice.

4:30 --- If there ever was a person who is different than her name

sounds it is Charlotte van de Water. She is the oldest in a large family and is very much handicapped by lack of funds. That is why she takes everything so seriously. Her mother is sick so she has a leave of absence till Sunday.

Betty Sinder, my other room-mate is too dear for words. Her mother was here two weeks ago, her sister for two days last week, and by-the-way her sister is almost as sweet as she, and her father is coming to-morrow. I would not mind having my family come like that.

A mouse was in Betty's room the other night and she was so scared. She

refused to stay but came over and slept with me all night.

We had our first class meeting yesterday.

About five hundred dolls have been distributed among the college girls to ^be dressed for New York kiddies. Mine is a red head and I've named her Anne Shirley after Anne of Green Gables.

There goes that old phonograph again. The owner must have received a check from home and invested in some new records. The machine will be running all night I'm sure, as there is no quiet hour Friday morning.

Wednesday afternoon I was

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to a French concert.

Our choir is working hard on a concert to be given in February. It is to be a big affair. It is quite hard to get into choir here and mind you I did it? Did I tell you about my choir trial? If I didn't I must. It was so exciting.

Talk about meeting important people, my room-mate Betty (Oh! *horrors won't somebody [underlined: please] choke that phonograph. It's "By the Sight of the Silvery Moon" now) has met Lillian Nordica, the Grand Opera Singer, a scientist from Sir Somebody's laboratories

one of the members of the "Little Women" company, and many more.

Some of the girls have harps in their rooms and play beautifully.

I've been interrupted again. Two Sophomores were here and asked me to go to a lecture and Sophomores' invitations must not be slighted. Then Martha White called. Her father is one of the profs. Here. I took her home as she lives over in Faculty Row. She is as pretty as a picture.

Last Friday night I was up in Grace Nichols' room. We read aloud, sewed and made fudge. Grace is adorable. She is very pretty.

She has gone to a very up-to-date boarding school where they learn how to enter a drawing-room, how to make a court bow and get a general society finish but it has not spoiled her a bit. Such schools usually do. She came down to first floor that night. We stopped in [Florine], my neighbor's, room and the crowd told the most blood-curdling stories you ever heard. Grace stayed all night with me.

The next morning we went to town. Grace appreciates her privilege more than I do. She can't get used to going out without a chaperon and staying up after 9.30. It is loads of fun going

to town. People look at you and whisper "Vassar." Of course, we have been reminded that we must remember we "represent Vassar on every occasion. Grace bought "Passers-by" to read aloud on the lake.

Saturday afternoon we were frivolous enough to go to a "movie." I saw Mary Pickford so it was not time wasted even it took us forty minutes to go and come to town. It seems so funny to say Vassar is in Poughkeepsie, when it is two miles away in the village of Arlington. We can hear the salutes from West Point and the whistles

of the night boats on the Hudson.

To-morrow night is Sophomore party. I have been invited and it is the most mysterious affair. We do not know who will take us. This is the invitation.

[text of diagram: MEET ? at the LODGE EIGHT O'CLOCK
Oct. 19, 1912
Beware!!!]

I was with a very interesting girl on Sunday. She has lived twelve years in Iowa, three in Berlin and two in Paris and one in Mexico. She has made

many conquests as the pictures in the room testify.

The girls next door are practising for Senior stunt party and are having a glorious time.

Midnight --- (But for pity's sake don't tell anybody) - Oh, but I had fun to-night. It all started with "Yours Truly." Just for a lark I dressed in my Caruso outfit for Senior stunt party and went next door. I was a real, up-to-date stage villain, goatee, fierce mustache etc. Of course the girls exploded and insisted that I go down to another room. So

we all butted in on a party got some "eats" and climbed up the tower stair - way to the fourth floor. We had to go quietly as it was after ten. It is enough to make one dizzy going up those winding stairs. We butted in on another party and were asked to stay. We did all things dramatic and then decided to give a play. We divided into two companies and each gave their own. It was a scream. We had to turn out the lights every few minutes for fear a proctor would give us a call down. The leading lady giggled. We stood

a chair on a sofa to represent a balcony and the aforesaid lady nearly fell off. [A] mandolin dropped, the hero swallowed a bottle of ink or something to that effect, I'm getting sleepy now, and the villain still pursued her. It was all the funnier because we had to choke back our laughter. There was only one other girl down on our floor in the crowd and such a time as we had getting to our rooms and past the night watchman. I am writing with make up still on and costume half off. Oh, but we had a

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good time.

You know I mentioned Irene [Shumway], my Junior, in my letter, the one Wilson Wetterau introduced me to. I had her to dinner last Saturday. It was the day of Senior Parlor Opening, the biggest dress affair at Vassar. Dinner was wonderful that night, I never saw so many beautiful gowns at one time. Shummie looked stunning. She wore a black dress trimmed in orange ostrich feathers, low cut and a train. My, but I was proud to take her in to dinner.

I stayed in her hall that night. I usually go there once a week to stay all night and have such fun. I love Raymond House.

That evening one of the Juniors had a man in the parlor. Now, that [underlined: is] thrilling. Men, at Vassar, get a royal welcome, perhaps too royal. We learned that this man's name was Billie Taylor.

The parlors at Raymond are [communicating]. We all collected in the other parlor and serenaded them, sang Billie and the most sentimental songs we knew.

They were both fussed but carried the situation through very gracefully. She hauled us all in and introduced me.

Thank you for the invitation to library dedication.

I had a letter from Alma Schwartz. Wellesly [sp:Wellesley] must be quite nice but it can't be like Vassar.

I don't believe that Alice Joyce picture was sent. The one I have was one taken from one of the early summer magazines. I framed it. I can't be surrounded

by enough of the dear M. P. people.

So many visitors were on campus to-day. Every girl sniffs as she smells those well-nigh forgotten odors of cigars.

Well, as it is (Now promise you won't tell [underlined: anyone] what time it is) twenty minutes of one I will close. I hope I have not bored you. Good-night, dear, I mean good-morning,

Lovingly,

Edna.

